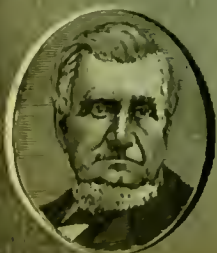


JUVENILE INSTRUCTOR

AN
ILLUSTRATED
MAGAZINE

Published Semi Monthly
Designed Expressly for the
Education & Elevation
of the Young

Morgan J. R.



GEORGE Q. CANNON,
EDITOR.
SALT LAKE CITY, UTAH.

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RUPTURE.

SALT LAKE CITY, August 5th, 1896.

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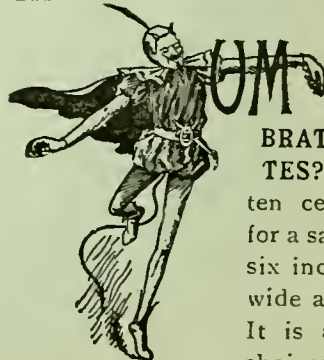
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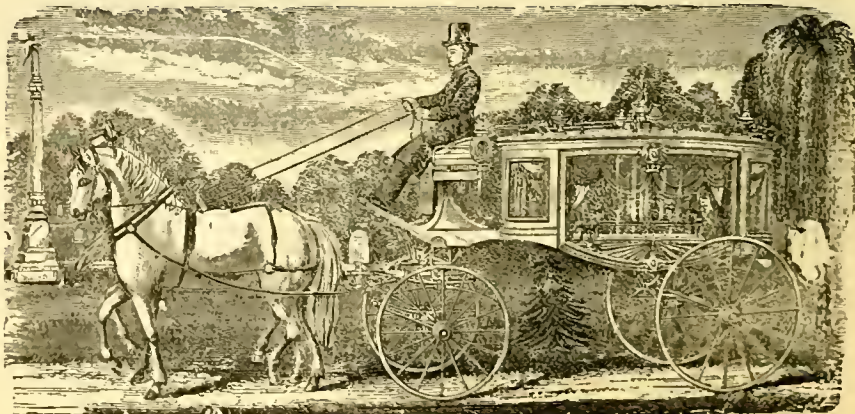
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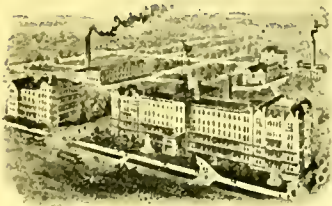
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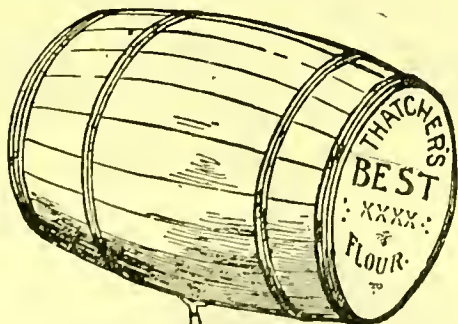
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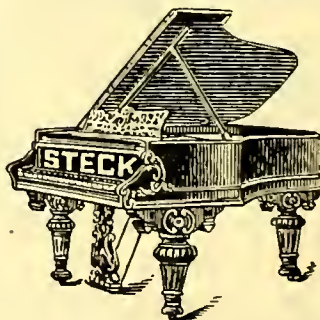
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THE JUVENILE INSTRUCTOR

Organ for YOUNG LATTER DAY SAINTS



VOL. XXXII.

SALT LAKE CITY, NOVEMBER 15, 1897.

No. 22.

THE PIONEERS AND OTHERS.

What They Did and How They Did It.

XVI. —ORGANIZATION AND PROGRESS OF POLITICAL PARTIES.

REFERENCE has occasionally been made herein to the absence of political organizations. The people being practically of one mind and having in view the accomplishment of common objects were not specially in need of anything of the kind, the introduction of which must inevitably entail division, strife and it might be in the end, disruption. The house was not for many years to come prepared to divide against itself, although as individuals there was some little party spirit felt and displayed at times. In their isolated condition the people would have been foolish to encourage such breaches in their ranks as come of partisan strife, yet they could not entirely dissipate the results of early training and later associations, and the interest felt in the recurring Presidential and even Congressional contests was far from being apathetic. As in all the other cases spoken of, however, contact with increasing numbers of opponents from the outside world could have but one result— political division. This began, according to some people's views quite late enough and in a way that brought but little satisfaction with it. Instead of establishing the organizations

that existed elsewhere and making contests on those lines, the ones who brought on the division in society created a new line of demarcation by coming out squarely for opposition to the Mormon Church as the cardinal and basic principle of their political faith, or at least action, since there could have been very little faith of any kind in it for at least a long time to come. Such action had a tendency the reverse of what was expected, since when the people found they had real opposition because of their beliefs and practices to contend with again, such a state of things aroused them from the partially dormant condition which lack of friction always produces and instead of only a portion voting it became well nigh a unanimous thing! A common peril united them as before, and not only this but re-kindled something of the old fervor. The first indication of the coming political tempest was in 1862, when a handful of anti-Mormons got together in this city and proceeded with all the solemnity possible under the circumstances to organize a party in consonance with their peculiar views. This they did and gave to the new birth the name of "Liberal." It was contended by many and for a long time that this was a misnomer, that when the principles, aims and expectations of the "new movement" were taken into consideration the element of liberality in its

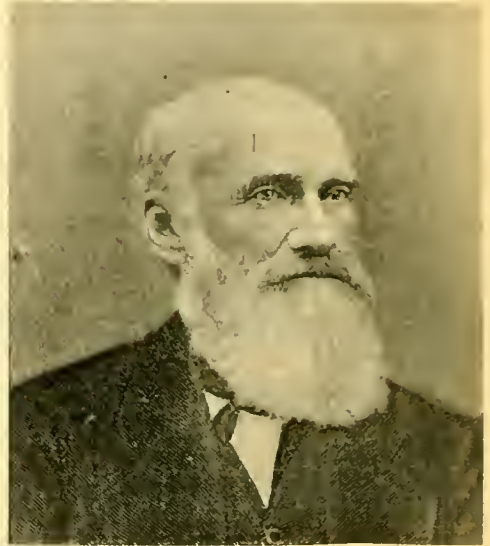
broadest sense was wholly wanting, and this was largely true. However, we have it on the authority of Shakespeare that names are not necessarily descriptive of the things named, and moreover the leaders claimed that they were not using the word in its orthodox, but its heterodox sense, and with that understanding it achieved recognition and some little prestige, its career disappearing like dew before the rays of the rising sun of Statehood some two years ago.

Speaking of the first contest on the new lines—the contestants, in which were the late Hon. W. H. Hooper as the People's candidate, and one W. M. McGrorty, to fortune and to fame both previously unknown, representing the Liberals—a little book entitled "The Practical Politician," by the author of these chapters, contains the following information:

"Measured as an antagonistic element, the showing made would have been, but for what it portended later on, simply absurd; it was the very point of little-ness finely sharpened. Hooper's vote as compared with McGrorty's was as a thousand to one, or nearly so; but the latter was the nucleus around which all elements opposed to the great majority were destined to cluster and increase; lines of opposition had been formed at last and no more forever, while mortality prevails, were the returns for a general election to show a unanimity for any cause or shade of belief. The situation became at once the People's party (the name adopted by the majority) in possession, with the Liberal party as claimant and contestant.

"Things went on in this way for a good while, the gain in the Liberal vote being much greater proportionately than in that of the People. The former or-

ganization spread, its ramifications extending to all the mining camps and the larger towns of the Territory. It carried nothing, however, till in 1874, when it claimed and took possession of the offices in Tooele County, against the earnest protest of the other side who claimed that the Liberal vote in Ophir, East Canyon and Stockton (its strongholds then) had been 'padded' to suit the occasion. Be that as it may, possession was taken, after legal proceedings had been invoked, and held for two years. The county was immediately



WM. H. HOOPER.

dubbed "the Republic" by the jubilant Liberals and its occupancy by their forces hailed in very much the same spirit as was the capitulation of Vicksburg by the people of the North during the war. It was a short lived incumbency, however, for when the two years had expired the victors became the vanquished and withdrew from the field, not having returned since. The advent of the Pacific Railway had previously brought the town of Corinne into exist-

ence, and while it is now but a fragment of its original and long-time self, it was quite populous for several years and was and is nearly unanimously Liberal, but even this could not outweigh the heavy People's vote in the county outside of Corinne, so the practical advantages gained were *nil*."

Captain Hooper, as he was familiarly called, was the people's honored and efficient representative in Congress for several terms, two or three of them occurring after this episode. His next opponent was the late General George R. Maxwell, in 1866, who made a contest for the seat and was neatly turned down. He (Captain Hooper) was succeeded in 1871, by Hon. George Q. Cannon, who held the position for two terms and part of a third, when he was unseated because of alleged immorality! In all the range of political history it would be difficult to find anything at all approaching this for Pharisaical absurdity and gross injustice, but it is useless to dwell upon it now.

We have now reached the point at which politics became a fixed and recognized entity in our public affairs, but of course there has been constant progress in this respect as in others. President Cleveland, during his first term of office, once expressed the wish to some Utah callers that "you people out there were like the rest of us." He was probably gratified in this respect some time before the present writing.

S. A. Kenner.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

WHEN one becomes indifferent to women, to children and young people, he may know that he is superannuated, and has withdrawn from whatsoever is sweetest and purest in human existence.

JANE JONES.

IN a certain London suburb, which shall here be nameless, resided a wealthy young maiden lady, rejoicing in the homely appellation of Jane Jones. Miss Jones was the only daughter and heiress of her deceased father, formerly a fish-monger in the West End, who by keen business aptitude and a natural thriftiness of disposition had amassed a large fortune—to wit, some £70,000; and the whole of this—her mother having been long dead—Miss Jane inherited at her father's demise.

At that time, the young lady may have been a few years upward of thirty. She was on a large scale, handsome of her style, but too buxom even then, and foreshadowing with no uncertain signs those generous dimensions to which she has since attained. Her eyes were large, dark, and expressive; she had a well-shaped mouth, good teeth, pretty hair. But fleshy cheeks, and a color too pronounced placed those other features at a disadvantage, and went far to spoil the general effect of her physiognomy while she herself, by a certain lack of taste in dress, further conduced to this unfortunate result. She gloried in flowery hats, in colored velvets, in shot silks and satins, and wore, hap-hazard, all sorts of gorgeous apparel, to which the most irreproachable complexion could scarcely have allied itself with advantage.

It is not, however, to be supposed despite piscatorial origin and deficient breeding, despite beetroot complexion and fleshy cheeks, that this unattached legatee of £70,000 had any lack of gentlemen admirers. And when we say gentlemen we mean gentlemen, the best and most superfine that the suburb could produce. The curate was one. His quality admitted no dispute, for he

had been at Eton and Cambridge, and his uncle was a Suffragan Bishop. Young Harold Downy was another. His father was a Colonel in the Regulars. Alfred Parkin was another. He himself was something in the whiskey trade; but in his veins flowed the blood of a county family, and his mother was known to be on visiting terms with a Viscountess. There were also several others, who, though not, perhaps, half-marked silver goods, were, at least, very superior specimens of Prince's plate. And then there was Reggie Broxton.

Those who have any acquaintance with the great Latin authors will be aware that those masters of literary style were in the habit of reserving their most important word for the end of the sentence. It is on the same principle that Reggie Broxton has here been mentioned last. And he is the most important on this account: that, while he was the equal of any of the others in birth and breeding, he surpassed them all in the favor of Miss Jane Jones. Nay! he was the only one of them all for whom she evinced the smallest sign of tenderness. And that though he was the least persevering and persistent of all her admirers.

The truth was, Reggie Broxton was in two minds. He wanted money badly. As a bachelor, indeed, he was just able to subsist on his pot-boiling literary productions; but then these took all his available time, and allowed him no leisure for that better and more lasting work which he felt he had in him, and by which he hoped to achieve fame and fortune. If he married Miss Jones—and he knew that she would have him if he asked her—all this would be secured in the easiest possible way. But there were two obstacles.

In the first place, he was really in

love with somebody else. For three or four years, Nellie Walworth had been the dream of his life. Nellie was the Vicar's daughter, a sweet, lady-like girl, of charming disposition and great mental refinement. Reggie could see that she was not indifferent to him. He felt that, with so dear and sympathetic a consort, his life would be supremely happy, and his work infallibly successful. But Nellie had not a penny of fortune. Her father was too poor to be able to make her the smallest allowance; and, under these circumstances, anything in the shape of an engagement between them was practically impossible. He remained, however, faithful to her, in spirit, for several years, hoping that something might turn up to place his finances on a more satisfactory footing.

The most important of these hopes centered in a wealthy but eccentric uncle of his, a Bradford manufacturer, who was his godfather, and who had a great reputation for doing munificent actions. There were not a few instances on record of his having come handsomely to the assistance of various poor relations of his; and as he had always taken an interest in Reggie, the latter felt that there really was a good chance of the old fellow doing something for him. Imbued with this idea, he took care to correspond regularly with his wealthy god-parent, and to let him know incidentally—for to have hinted at a request for help might have offended him seriously—how he was situated. The old fellow answered his letters kindly enough, and occasionally sent him small presents; but apparently he did not think of going farther than that. He never offered any substantial pecuniary aid; and at last, after two or three years of this, Reggie began to lose hope of help in that quarter, at any rate during his

uncle's lifetime; which, as the latter was a hale and well-preserved man of less than sixty, was as likely as not to last another twenty years. Nor had he a chance of assistance from anybody else, all his other relatives being nearly as poor as himself.

It was when he had realized this, and had begun to feel the want of money more than ever, that he first gave a thought to Miss Jane Jones. After all, what was the use of waiting for Nellie. They would probably never be able to marry. And it was unfair to her, as well as prejudicial to his own interests, to be hanging about after that charming girl without the least prospect of anything coming of it. And Miss Jones? Well, he liked her as a friend. He saw the sterling disposition hidden under her loudish exterior. He knew that she cared for him and that she would make him a good and indulgent wife, whose lack of birth and breeding would readily be overlooked by his family in consideration of her £70,000. So, somehow he began to pay her attentions. They were well received. And within a few months he became perfectly certain, in his own mind, that he only had to propose to be accepted by her.

But here the second obstacle came in and checked him. Nellie knew nothing of this. From her manner he could see that she still regarded him as heretofore, and that, though he had never spoken a word of love to her, the intuitive understanding which had long-existed between them still remained, in her eyes absolutely unchanged and unimpaired. He could not bring himself to tell her the truth and to break with her family. At the same time, he was ashamed to propose to Miss Jones before he had said something to Nellie that should prepare her. And so matters

hung on, and seemed likely to hang on indefinitely, until one afternoon, when he happened to call and find Miss Jones alone, he acted on the impulse of the moment and rushed headlong into a proposal.

Jane Jones received his offer in rather a strange way. She did not accept him immediately, as this cocksure young man had expected. Indeed, she gave him no answer at all for three or four minutes but sat with her usually red face very pale, and her hands clasped in front of her, regarding him attentively. His eyes fell before that steady simple gaze, and he stammered and hesitated in his sentimental oration, which at first began to flow with such glibness and fluency. When he tried to take her hands, she waved him back with a gesture—not of coldness or repulsion, but of one who was making up her mind at a great crisis, and wished to remain undisturbed until she had done so.

At last she broke the silence. Her voice was low, but, save for a slight tremor of emotion here and there, very clear and steady.

"I will be quite frank with you, Mr. Broxton. I do care for you—very much. But I cannot promise to become your wife; at least, not now. You see, there are so many things to be considered. You do not know me very well at present, and, with a better knowledge your feelings towards me might alter—might they not? And, then, there is no use blinking facts, I have been born and brought up in a very different sphere from yours, and I might do and say things which would make your family—perhaps even you yourself in time—ashamed of me."

Reggie could not tell her that his family would tolerate anything in a seventy-thousand-pounder. He just mur-

mured a confused sentence in which "artificial distinctions—humbug—good enough—grace and sphere"—were the only audible words.

"You say so now," said Jane, in her honest way. "I dare say you even think so. But it is by and by that the pinch would come—when you had more to do with me. And, again," went on this good, straightforward creature, "I am older than you, Mr. Broxton—a good ten years, I think. That is a great gap, is it not? And a gap which each successive year will only widen.

"With all this to think of, I do not hurry my decision, and you must not hurry yours. No. We must wait. Do—do—not ask me to answer you finally for six months. And if at the end of that time you—you still feel that your love for me is strong enough to—to—outweigh all my—my—drawbacks, I—I—shall be content. But unless you do honestly feel that, never again—to—come for my answer at all. And now I—I—" (Jane's voice was trembling painfully, and she averted her eyes from him for the first time during the interview) "I—I—should like to be alone."

Reggie was greatly touched. There was something more in Jane Jones than he had suspected; something which made him feel ashamed of himself for having pretended towards her a love which he did not feel.

Several months went by. Reggie Broxton did not feel comfortable or happy. He was halting between two opinions, as to how he ought to act at the expiration of the period which Jane Jones had named. Would it be more honorable in him to go through with it or to back out? There was something to be said for both points of view, and something also to be said against either.

While his intentions were thus equally counterpoised, an event happened, which by making his engagement with Nellie an immediate possibility, threw all the weight into one side of the scales. His eccentric godfather, of whose assistance he had long despaired, came down, all of a sudden, in the most munificent manner. He placed at Reggie's disposal no less a sum than £10,000, accompanying this gift by the kindest and most affectionate of letters, in which he said that he had long been meaning to do something for his dear godson, but had not been able to make up his mind as to precisely the best method of helping him. In the end—after thinking the matter over—he had decided to convey to Reggie, at once, sufficient capital to ensure him a substantial income, and thus to give him the opportunity of devoting his time to a more permanent class of literature than he had hitherto been following.

But now came the arrangement of his matrimonial affairs.

When he had proposed to Miss Jones, and afterwards, while he was undecided as to whether he should renew his offer to her at the expiration of the six months, he was in the full belief that union with Nellie Walworth was out of the question. Now, however, that his uncle had afforded him ample means of his own on which he could marry, the mere idea of Jane Jones became, all at once, impossible to him. He fervently thanked Providence that this good, sensible creature had refused to accept him on the spot, but had insisted on his taking that six months in which to learn his own mind. For however despicable his conduct might appear—and if she came to know of that £10,000 (which pray Heaven, she never might) his conduct would be shown to her as

despicable indeed—the door of escape was still open.

To escape—if escape is the word, where there was no idea of binding or constraining him—was now his one aim. He would not wait for six months to expire. He would write to Miss Jones immediately. He did so. But the letter cost him much anxious care and thought, for he wished to make his conduct look, at least, tolerably decent. and that, in the circumstances, was no easy matter. He tore up five letters as unsatisfactory; even the sixth, which he sent, did not (as he was aware) at all adequately gloss over his behavior. Of course, he tried to excuse himself to himself by the well-worn plea of recreant fiances, that to marry her, without loving her—especially after her own appeal—would be far more discreditable than to hack out. There was truth in that. But the really discreditable circumstance was to be sought farther back. It occurred when he placed himself in that position from which it was impossible to emerge with untarnished honor. This was the material fact, and this, like many other unfaithful lovers, he allowed himself to overlook.

Jane Jones acknowledged his letter in a brief reply. It was what might have been expected from her—terse, simple, and to the point. It was merely this:

DEAR MR. BRXTON.—I thought that when you did me the honor to propose to me, you might be making a mistake; I am glad that you have realized your mistake in time. I shall always remain your sincere friend and well wisher,

JANE JONES.

Thus the little affair was amicably settled; and within the year Reggie led Nellie Walworth to the altar.

* * * * *

Our young friend had only been married a few months—and a few months of supreme happiness these were—when he one day received a telegram from Bradford, summoning him immediately to the bedside of his uncle, who had been taken seriously ill. Of course, he lost no time in complying with the summons. When he arrived, he was much shocked to find his kind relative in a dying condition. He had had, it appeared, an apoplectic stroke, which had left him insensible for ten or twelve hours: and, although he had by this time recovered consciousness, he was in so prostrate a condition that the doctors pronounced it impossible for him to rally.

Reggie was conducted to his bedside—at the dying man's urgent request—within a few minutes of his arrival.

"I am, indeed, thankful that you have come, my dear boy," said the old fellow to him, in a weak voice. "I was afraid that you might not be in time, for I know that I cannot last many hours. I have something particular to say to you. You know, Reggie, that I have always passed for a wealthy man. So I was until four or five years ago. Then a run of bad times and bad luck, coupled with some rotten investments, and subsequent efforts to recoup myself by speculation, stripped me, in a year or two, of the accumulated wealth of a life-time. I shall die almost a pauper, Reggie, if not actually a bankrupt. Had it not been for—for this I should have done something handsome for you long ago, my dear boy. But now—now—"

"Why, uncle," interposed Reggie warmly, "you have done a great deal for me; far more than I had the least right to expect. And I can never thank you enough."

"Ah! that is what I want to tell you about. I cannot die with the credit of that upon my head, Reggie. I never gave you that £10,000 at all."

"You—never—gave—me that £10,000!" ejaculated his godson, supposing that the dying man's wits must be wandering.

"No, no! Bend nearer and let me tell you. The truth is this. About a year ago a friend of yours, whose name I do not know to this day—called upon me with an extraordinary proposal. It was to this effect: That I should be the medium of conveying to you a large sum of money, £10,000, and that I should pose as the donor. At first I declined. But your friend pleaded very earnestly, urging that unless I fell in with the scheme, the £10,000 would never be made over to you at all, and advancing a dozen other reasons which I—I—have not the strength to—to—repeat to you. It—is—enough to say that—for your sake, Reggie, my boy, for your sake—I at last agreed to do what she asked."

"She—she" ejaculated the young man, in a startled voice. "Was—was—it a—a woman?"

"Yes! Yes! Didn't I say so?"

"And you—don't know her name! What was she like?"

"She was a youngish lady—not a girl, but between thirty and forty, as I judged, tall and rather stout, with a red face. She had a marked cockney accent. But she seemed kind and honest and nice, and—and—was evidently deeply interested in you. Can you guess who she was, Reggie?"

But Reggie made no answer. For the moment he was oblivious of the dying man, of his surroundings, of everything save one overwhelming sensa-

tion—what a mean and miserable creature he must forever remain in the eyes of his secret benefactress, Jane Jones!

ONE is not concerned to defend the blindly hopeful man. He is at least preferable to the lowering grumbler. It is true that sometimes the optimist's very cheeriness proves a source of weakness. His belief in the regeneration of mankind and in his own and other people's success is often so extravagant that he will hardly acknowledge the necessity for individual endeavor in helping forward his millennium. He is forgetful of the intermediary stages which lie between the inception of an idea and its realization. He loses sight of the middle distance; he has an undefined but very serious belief in the power of mankind to jump any chasm, and, if necessary, to fly in the face of natural laws. The optimist is more of a sentimentalist than a reasoner, and his faith indisposes him to discuss severely the practicability of his ideals. For all that, he occupies a notable place in the social economy, and his countenance is as a lamp. The world walks by his faith far more than it knows; and his life in the future helps weaker men to bear more steadfastly the burden of today.

If we separate ourselves so much from the interests of those around us that we do not sympathize with them in their sufferings, we shut ourselves out from sharing their happiness, and lose far more than we gain. If we avoid sympathy and wrap ourselves round in a cold chain-armor of selfishness, we exclude ourselves from many of the greatest and purest joys of life. To render ourselves insensible to pain, we must forfeit also the possibility of happiness.

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Juvenile Instructor

GEORGE O. CANNON, EDITOR.

SALT LAKE CITY, UTAH, NOV. 15, 1897.

EDITORIAL THOUGHTS.

THE USE OF WEALTH.

"You must be a happy man," said Sir Thomas Fowler Buxton to Baron Nathan Rothschild as he looked at the kingly splendors of the Baron's residence; "this is an earthly paradise."

"Happy!" was the Baron's bitter exclamation. "What? Happy when just as you are going to dinner a letter is placed in your hands, giving you notice that 'if you don't send 500 pounds I will blow your brains out.' Happy! I happy?"

Whether true or not, the foregoing anecdote shows how little happiness there is in the possession of immense wealth. Occasionally we hear in our own land of the danger in which rich men stand. There are but few very rich men in America whose lives have not been threatened, and who do not stand in fear of violence, because of their riches. At one of the receptions in the White House during President Grant's term of office, we saw a lady resplendent with diamonds. Her husband was probably the richest man in the United States. She had two detectives constantly walking near her to prevent any attempt to rob her of her glittering jewels. Her display of diamonds no doubt gratified her vanity, and may have excited the envy of many who saw her; but what real happiness could such a person have when she felt it necessary to be watched by detectives to prevent her from being attacked or robbed?

Many people imagine that the posses-

sion of wealth brings happiness; but those who have had experience in the world know that this is not the case.

The Lord, in the Gospel that He has revealed, has pointed out the true path in which happiness can be obtained. He has revealed a system which, if carried out, would insure happiness to mankind. In that system no one man or class of men can heap up riches, to the exclusion of another class. The state of existence that must eventually be brought about on the earth is one in which there will be no rich and no poor—that is, mankind will have equal rights to all the blessings that belong to the earth. Today the man who owns millions of money cannot eat any more than the poor man, he cannot sleep any longer; he can only wear a certain amount of clothing; his capacity for enjoyment is no greater. It frequently happens that the poor man has a better appetite, enjoys his food better, has better digestion, is less burdened with care, enjoys sweeter and sounder sleep, than the rich man. There is plenty in the earth for all. Mother earth is a fruitful mother. It is only necessary to cultivate her properly and she will yield ample returns in those bounties which contribute to man's happiness, enjoyment and well-being; and if these were evenly distributed, there would be no want or suffering for that which is necessary for human comfort and enjoyment. Every one would have all the food he could eat, all the clothing he could wear, the horses that he would need for his use, and in fact, every animal necessary for convenience and comfort. There is an abundance of elements out of which to construct the finest houses, the most beautiful improvements, and every vehicle or means of transportation that man requires.

It may be asked, why then is there so much suffering in the world for the want of these articles? It is because there are so many who are gifted in taking advantage of their fellowmen, and so shrewd in the management of affairs that they pile up these elements which God has given for the use of all, and through this power that they gain, oppress their fellowmen and make them toil for their benefit and to increase their riches. This every one who has any sense of justice can feel is wrong. Who can believe that our Father in heaven, who is a God of justice, approves of such a condition of affairs. He does not. But man has his agency, and the Lord does not curtail him in that respect. He appeals to us, however, through the Gospel to exercise our agency in the way He points out as most beneficial. Instead of one man heaping up riches and using the talents that the Lord has given him for this purpose, the Lord would like such persons to use their ability for the benefit of His children who do not have such talents. This is the plan that He has revealed, and when it is carried out, all will have plenty. And yet all will not live in the same kind of houses. There will be differences existing then in many respects, as there are now; but none will go short of that which is necessary for their wellbeing.

THE DUTIES OF A PRIEST.

WE have been asked a number of questions, regarding the authority and duties in the Church of the Priest after the order of Aaron. The following embodies answers to those inquiries.

According to the revelations of God:

"There are, in the church, two Priesthoods, namely, the Melchisedek, and Aaronic, including the Levitical priesthood.

The second priesthood is called the priesthood of Aaron, because it was conferred upon Aaron and his seed, throughout all their generations.

Why it is called the lesser priesthood, is because it is an appendage to the greater or the Melchisedek Priesthood, and has power in administering outward ordinances.

The bishopric is the presidency of this priesthood and holds the keys or authority of the same."*

From this it is evident that those holding this priesthood are amenable to their Bishops not only for their actions as members in the Church, but also for the fulfillment of their duties in the priesthood.

"The priest's duty is to preach, teach, expound, exhort, and baptize, and administer the sacrament,

And visit the house of each member, and exhort them to pray vocally and in secret, and attend to all family duties:

And he may also ordain other priests, teachers, and deacons.

And he is to take the lead of meetings when there is no elder present;

But when there is an elder present, he is only to preach, teach, expound, exhort, and baptize,

And visit the house of each member, exhorting them to pray vocally and in secret, and attend to all family duties.

In all these duties the priest is to assist the elder if occasion requires.†

From the above we learn that the duty of the Priest is to preach the Gospel, to baptize, and to administer the Sacrament of the Lord's supper. When there is no officer of the Church holding the Melchizedek Priesthood present at a meeting of the Saints, it is the Priest's duty to preside at that meeting; and if there is such a one present it is the Priest's privilege to assist the presiding officer as he may be called upon, but within the scope of the duties assigned him by the word of God: that is, he can, for instance, assist the Elder in administering the Sacrament, but he cannot join him in

*Doctrine and Covenants 107: 1, 13-15.

†Doctrine and Covenants 20: 46-52.

the laying on of hands for the gift of the Holy Ghost.

It is the Priest's duty, as he may be appointed by his Bishop, to visit the members of the Church at their homes, preach the Gospel to them, exhort them to pray, and to attend to all family duties—to teach them the law of God and persuade them to live it. This he can do either as an assistant to an Elder, called to this duty, or he can do it by himself, or with another Priest associated with him, or assisted by a Teacher.

Nor are the duties of the Priests confined to home alone. They can travel abroad and preach the Gospel to the nations, (as President Woodruff did when he held this Priesthood,) for the word of the Lord says:

And behold the High Priests should travel, and also the elders, and also the lesser priests; but the deacon and teachers should be appointed to watch over the church, to be standing ministers unto the church.*

In view of these revelations on the order of the Priesthood, it is proper and consistent with the word of God for the Bishop of a ward to organize a Priest's quorum in his ward whenever such action is desirable and there are sufficient available brethren in the ward worthy of this important calling. It is, however, well for him to counsel with the Presidency of the Stake before he takes action, that he may learn their minds thereon. It is also permissible, where wards are small and enough available brethren cannot be found in any one ward, for the Priests in two or three, or more wards to be united in a quorum, and a Bishop be appointed by the Stake Presidency to preside over the quorum.

In all the wards of the Church, Teachers are appointed to visit its members; but in few wards have Priests

been called to go from house to house and preach the Gospel to the people resident within their borders. The reason, apparently, for this is that the acting teachers have generally been men holding the Melchizedek Priesthood who had the right to officiate in both the Priest's and the Teacher's duties, and when visiting as Teachers, they have not only performed the Teacher's duty which require them to

"See that there is no iniquity in the church—neither hardness with each other—neither lying, backbiting, nor evil speaking;

And see that the church meet together often, and also see that all the members do their duty.*

But also that of the Priest; for they have, in their visits, preached, taught, expounded and exhorted; though, unfortunately, not as often or to the extent that the Priests' calling requires. Had they done so, we believe, the members of the Church, as a whole, especially our youth, would have a better knowledge of the Gospel and a greater desire to keep God's law more perfectly.

It is a wise and proper thing for the Bishops to appoint discreet and prudent men, possessed of the Holy Ghost and well versed in the principles of the Gospel, and with its love in their hearts, to visit the Saints at their homes and teach them the law of the Lord, and the first principles of the Gospel of salvation. If this be done we believe the Church will be greatly strengthened in the increased faith and intelligence of the Saints.

* Doctrine and Covenants 20: 54, 55.

SINCERITY is speaking as we think, believing as we pretend, acting as we profess, performing as we promise, and being as we appear to be.

* Doctrine and Covenants 84: 111.

THANKSGIVING DAY.

A Story for Little Maybell.

"AUNT Meg, why don't we have a Thanksgiving dinner, like the people my story book tells about? It shows the picture of two boys carrying a dead turkey on a stick between them. Under the picture it says, 'Our Thanksgiving Turkey.' Can't we have a turkey and a Thanksgiving dinner?"

"A turkey and a Thanksgiving dinner! I wonder if there ever was another little girl who found so many nice things to wish for. What will be the next want of my little Golden Hair?"

"Please auntie, I would like to know who made Thanksgiving-day, and what it means."

Maybell's want number two was accompanied by one of her irresistibly pleading caresses.

"Let us take your last question first," replied aunt Meg.

"What does Thanks-giving mean. You are pleased and grateful when your mamma gives you a new dress. Who gives us our lives and all the good and beautiful things we enjoy?"

"The Lord gave us our lives 'cause He made us; and He made the fruit and flowers for us. Isn't He kind to give us so many good things, aunt Meg?"

"Yes dear, our Heavenly Father is very kind to us; and for that we should thank Him. Giving thanks, or Thanks-giving means to thank and praise the Lord for His blessings. This we should do every day. But to show our gratitude for the blessings that are past, and present with us, one day each year has been set apart as a Thanksgiving day. This day is for people to meet, to have feasts, to sing and pray and praise the Lord. Now you understand why we call it Thanksgiving day."

"Yes ma'am, and I think everybody should be happy and try to make others happy, just the same as they do on Christmas, don't you aunt Meg?"

"I think we should; for then it would be a happy day for us as it was for those who instituted or made it; and you want to hear about them?"

"Yes ma'am please; then I'll tell Bessie about it, and may be we can have a Thanksgiving party for our dolls, won't that be a nice play, auntie?"

"It will indeed! If I were a little girl I would come to your party, but it will do just as well if I tell you about the first Thanksgiving party held in America.

"Just about the time the people settled Jamestown, and became acquainted with the Indian girl, Pocahontas, some other people came from England in a ship called the Mayflower, and settled at Plymouth.

"In England, King James wanted all of the people to belong to the Church of England. Some did not like that church; they wanted the privilege of worshiping the Lord as they pleased. For this reason they were persecuted and treated very unkindly by some who belonged to the Church of England.

"This little company of people became tired of being ill treated. They left their homes at Scrooby, in England, and went to a place called Leyden, in Holland. The Dutch people of Holland allowed them to worship as they liked, and were kind to them. The Pilgrims, as they were called, had no land in Holland.

"When they heard about the wonderful land of America where no body but Indians lived, they concluded to seek homes there, where they could worship God as they wished to, and where they

could have plenty of land for their children as they grew up.

"On July 22nd, 1620, the Pilgrims gathered at Belft-haven, the port near Leyden. There they knelt down upon the sandy beach and prayed. While on their bended knees, with hands raised to heaven and hearts full of hope they dedicated all they had to the Lord and gave themselves into His care.

"Then, about half of this little band, most of them young men and women, and some children, told their loved ones goodbye, and went into the ship and sailed away. That was a sad time, but those people had brave hearts. They were seeking a land of freedom where they could live in peace and serve the Lord.

"The Mayflower sailed bravely out to sea. For sixty-three days she skimmed over the water; some of the time dashed by great waves and beaten by cold storms. The people suffered with cold and hunger, but our Heavenly Father took care of them.

"A happy day came when they anchored safely in Cape Cod harbor; and on December 22nd, 1620, set foot upon the famous Plymouth Rock."

"What made Plymouth Rock famous, auntie?" inquired Maybell.

"It never was so until that day, my dear. It was the landing place of the fathers and mothers of our country. Like your own grandpa and grandna, and many other Latter-day Saints in times past, those Pilgrims were suffering for their religion. The little settlement they made was called the Plymouth Colony. Captain John Smith gave the place its name several years before."

"The same Captain John Smith that Pocahontas, or Lady Rebecca knew?" asked Maybell.

"Yes," replied Aunt Meg, "the very same."

"While the Pilgrims were anchored in the harbor, some rules were formed by which they were to be governed, and a man by the name of John Carvet was chosen to be their Governor; but he, with many others of this brave band died from want and exposure during the winter. Their graves were leveled down, and in the spring corn was planted over them, so that the Indians would not know how many had died."

"Then their friends couldn't tell where they were buried, could they, auntie? So they couldn't plant any flowers on their graves. That seems sad! But the Lord knows where they are, and He will take care of them," exclaimed Maybell, tenderly.

"Yes dear, our Heavenly Father took care of the dead and of their poor, sorrowing friends who were left.

"A man named William Bradford was chosen Governor in place of John Carvet. The Governor and the chief of the Massasoit Indians made a promise that they and their people should live as friends. This treaty was not broken until long after both of these good men were dead.

"At one time, the Plymouth Colony was out of provisions, and almost in a starving condition.

"Governor Bradford called them together at their meeting house, where they sat down to a dinner consisting of five pints of corn and a few clams. It was the last they had. There had been no rain to moisten the earth; and the ground was so parched and dry they could raise nothing. That was a solemn dinner.

"Just as they were finishing what they thought must be their last meal, sitting there with starvation staring them in

the face, there came a sound like the patter of little feet on the gravel outside. Great drops of cooling rain had been sent to gladden the earth, to make happy the hearts of that brave band. Their sadness was turned into joy, their tears of sorrow into songs of praise."

"Then they didn't starve did they?" asked Maybell, folding her broken headed Lady Rebecca close to her heart.

"No, they got some corn from the Indians, caught fish, and still trusting in our Heavenly Father, tended their crops, which grew nicely after the rain.

"When fall came, and the leaves were turned crimson and gold, as they are now, the Pilgrims gathered a bountiful harvest of corn and wild fruit.

"Their noble Governor, wishing his people to always remember how the Lord had blessed them by sending rain upon their crops, and providing them with food, appointed a time to be observed as a day of Thanksgiving and prayer. He invited Massasoit and his men to join them. The Indians came bringing plenty of venison to help out the white man's portion of the feast.

"In the rough log meeting house at Plymouth, the dusky, uncivilized Indians and the white people of the little colony sat down to their first Thanksgiving dinner. The day was held sacred by the Pilgrims afterwards, became an established holiday with them, on which each year, they feasted, prayed and praised the Lord. Other colonists followed this beautiful example, and Thanksgiving day at length became a National holiday. And Maybell, it is a day worthy to be held in sweet remembrance by all freedom loving Americans.

"If we can't have a turkey for Thanksgiving this year, Maybell shall have her little friends to dine with her in grand-

ma's big kitchen with Aunt Meg as table waiter."

"Oh Aunt Meg!" cried Maybell, clapping her hands first, and then hugging her aunt, "You are the dearest auntie in the world; and I shall always love Thanksgiving 'day now, because I understand about it." *Snowdrop.*

A STORY OF TWO MINERS.

(CONTINUED FROM PAGE 693)

NOTHING was said by either of the men for some little time. Finally Will broke the silence; "I am much obliged to you, Fred, for the confidence you have reposed in me. It makes me feel ashamed of myself to think how selfish I have been in thinking of my trivial affairs, and considering them all important when your grief is so much greater than mine, Of course you have known that I did not come out here for fun, and I suppose I might as well tell you why I did come.

"I was raised in Philadelphia. My mother died when I was about twelve years old. Father was what would generally be termed wealthy, and I was sadly spoiled. It was always understood in our house that I was to have everything I wanted. When I reached the age of nineteen I was sent to college, and though I did not achieve any great honors while there, I passed my examinations and received my diploma. Father was the owner of a large wholesale house, besides being a heavy stockholder in several of the best paying institutions in the city, and it was always understood that after I graduated, the house should be called "William Hooton and Son," and I think of all the boys in the college none had brighter prospects than I.

Not long after my return home, I

received an invitation to attend a party at the residence of a friend of my father's, a Mr. Earl, given in honor of his daughter who had just returned from a tour through Europe where she had been studying music. I was not inclined to go, as I rather expected to meet some forward young woman who would do nothing but talk about her travels abroad. However, father desired me to accept the invitation out of respect for his friend, and so I went. I was therefore rather surprised to meet a shy looking girl, for she was hardly more than a girl. I must admit that I was very favorably impressed from our first introduction. Later in the evening she was asked to play. She responded with a grace which quite captivated me, and from the admiring glances which some of the other young men cast at her, I judged she was making the same impression on them. Although she did everything possible to entertain her guests, she had such a modest quiet way with her that I was charmed.

Not long after this, I met her again at the house of a friend and had some conversation with her. She invited me to call at her father's, which invitation I was only too glad to accept. It was not long before I was a regular visitor at the house, and before Christmas came had asked for and received her father's consent to try to win her for my wife. On Christmas evening she confessed that she cared something for me and promised to be my wife. Her father thought we should wait a year, as Clare was still quite young, and this we were willing to do. The next few months were very happy indeed. I was kept very busy, as father had turned nearly all our business over to me, but I liked the work and everything went along smoothly.

"It was getting along toward fall, and

we were beginning to consider a date for our marriage. One morning Mr. Earl called at our office and said he wanted to talk with me. I noticed that he was very pale and appeared to be nervous and excited. My first thought was that perhaps Clare was ill, but he assured me that she was well. We went into the private office, and after sitting for a few minutes in silence, he told me that his financial affairs were in a very bad condition and that he could hold on no longer. He would be forced to assign that day, he said. I was shocked, as he was always considered financially strong. 'The worst of it is, Will,' he said, 'I am afraid I will pull you and your father down with me. About a year ago when I first began to be pushed for means your father endorsed my notes for a very large amount. I felt sure at the time I could repay these amounts as they fell due, but I have been disappointed at every turn. In the present state of the market all my assets would only pay about half of my indebtedness. In addition to the large amount for which your father endorsed for me, I am owing him quite a large sum besides. As I am interested in nearly every concern in which he is, my failure will create a panic as far as those particular stocks are concerned, and I am afraid you will hardly be able to pull through.'

"I would rather be dead, Will, than to cause my best friend so much misery, but I am powerless to do anything. Your father has feared for all of us, but he has hoped things would turn out differently, and he is too kind-hearted to say anything which might hurt my feelings. But I know his ill health is the result of the worry and strain through which he has passed. Oh, Will, if anything should happen to him

through this, I would almost feel that I had killed him. Why didn't I go to the wall before instead of pulling my friends down with me!"

"Just then father came in, looking pale and haggard. But a pleasant look came over his face as he put his hand on the shoulder of his downcast friend and said, 'Don't take it to heart so much. As far as Will and I are concerned we would not want to see you poor and be wealthy ourselves. I did no more for you than you would do for me if our positions were reversed.'

"'Thank you my dear friend,' Mr. Earl answered, 'I knew you would not chide me. I hope God will reward you for your kindness, for I'm afraid I never can.'

"That day Mr. Earl made an assignment, and as he had foreseen, a crash came in all the institutions with which he was connected. Of course the notes endorsed by father were presented to him for payment, and although under ordinary circumstances we could easily have gone out and raised the amount necessary to pay them, our credit had suffered so much that we were compelled to go to the wall.

"Although he said nothing, I knew father suffered greatly. He had always prided himself on his business ability, and this was a great blow to him. No doubt many of his friends would gladly have helped him out, but he was too proud to accept anything.

"At dinner that evening I noticed he looked very ill, but he insisted that he was all right. After our meal was finished he told me I had better go over and see Clare and see if I could cheer her up a little. I left him in his library and walked over to Mr. Earl's house. The girl who came to the door told me that Clare had gone to bed

early in the afternoon with a severe headache. Poor girl! It must have been a terrible blow to her, as her father had never mentioned business matters at home, and she had always believed herself to be wealthy. I sent up a note to her and walked slowly home.

"Upon entering the library where I had left father, my first thought was that he was asleep, but in a moment I noticed that he was breathing very heavily. I tried to rouse him but was unable to do so and immediately dispatched a servant for the doctor. Before he arrived father's breathing had almost ceased. The doctor after a short examination shook his head doubtfully and pronounced it a case of heart failure. Although we did everything possible, he died less than fifteen minutes after the doctor's arrival.

"Clare and her father attended the funeral, but I had no opportunity to speak to her. Her face showed too plainly the strain under which she had been laboring.

"That was the last time I ever saw her. I had heard that her father was going to turn his house over to his creditors, and I intended to ask them to come to our house which would be left clear after our affairs were settled up. But the next morning before I could call on them, I received a note which almost caused my heart to stop. I have it here, having carried it with me ever since. It reads as follows:

"DEAR WILL.—You will never know what a trial it is for me to write what I am going to. Through us you have lost everything—a kind and loving father and a handsome fortune. I have nothing but my love to bring you if we should marry, and we would only be a burden to you. I feel, as father does,

that we have caused you too much sorrow already to cause you any more. Do not think, Will, that I doubt your love. I know you are so kind and generous that you would undertake anything, but you will have a hard enough struggle alone, and the thoughts of what we had brought you to would always stand between me and happiness. I hope you will not feel that I am deserting you in the hour of need, because if your poverty had been brought about in any other way, I would only be too glad to share it with you, but as it is I think it will be better for us to go away from this city. Father thinks perhaps he can get a position as bookkeeper, and I feel sure I can earn something giving music lessons. I would dearly love to see you, Will, and thank you for all you have done for us. It was very hard for me to make up my mind not to, but I was afraid to trust myself. Don't try to find where we have gone; it will be useless. With the hope that we will meet in a better world than this, I will say goodbye.

CLARE."

"I spent several thousand dollars traveling from city to city trying to locate them, and lost several thousand more by not being present at the closing up of our business, but I felt that it made no difference. If I was not to find Clare and her father, I felt that my money would do me no good.

"When I finally made up my mind that to search for them further would be useless, I disposed of what little property I had left and came to San Francisco. From there I drifted out here, and you know about what my history has been since my arrival in Daggett.

"I still hope to find her some day, though at times I am almost discouraged. If I could only see her once I

think I could easily convince her that she is doing me, and herself too, for I feel sure she still loves me, a greater injustice by pursuing her present course than she could possibly do by marrying me."

"What are your plans for the future," Fred asked.

"They are not fully formed. I expect to remain out here until I either strike something or become thoroughly convinced that I never was intended for a miner. If I am fortunate enough to make a raise I will go East and continue my search for Clare."

"Well, it's nearly morning, and we'd better turn in. But remember one thing, Will, I'm heart and soul with you in your efforts. If we make any money, my share of it is at your disposal, as is my time also. I have no one else to spend either on."

Will thanked him for his kind offer, and the friends parted for the night.

After remaining at the ranch for a week or two, during which time Fred almost regained his usual strength, they again returned to their prospect in the mountains. Fred was much pleased with the showing, and they did considerable work on it.

Before spring they had done enough work to justify some Eastern capitalists in going to look at it, and the showing made was so promising that they offered a large sum for the property. The offer was accepted and the transfer made. The bargain was closed in San Francisco, and after the money was paid over, the two friends spent several days taking in the sights of that city.

One morning Will walked out alone, saying he would be back before dinner. Notwithstanding their good fortune he was feeling rather gloomy. Fred noticed this, and thinking perhaps his friend

would prefer being alone for awhile he decided to remain in his room and read. Dinner time arrived but Will did not return. Fred waited until late in the afternoon and then went out for a stroll. After walking for about an hour he returned to the hotel, but his friend had not been there. He was beginning to feel uneasy when Will came rushing into the room, his face flushed and so excited that he could hardly speak.

"Oh, Fred, I've found her," he gasped, "and I've been with her and her father all afternoon. They have had lots of trouble, but it's all over now."

Will paused for want of breath, and Fred who was almost as excited as he was, began to question him as to how it had all come about.

After regaining a little of his composure, Will explained that he had walked out to Golden Gate Park and had sat down there and given way to a genuine fit of the blues.

"I had been there probably two hours," he went on, "brooding over my troubles, when I was startled by hearing somebody sobbing violently. I started to my feet, and you can imagine how my heart jumped when I saw Clare standing before me. I will not attempt to describe what followed. I could not tell you if I wanted to, for I was too excited to know. The poor girl looked pale and worn, but in my eyes she was more beautiful than ever. After she had become somewhat calm, we sat down and related our experiences since we had last met. She told me that after leaving Philadelphia, they had come to San Francisco. She had almost immediately secured a position as organist in one of the churches and through her position there had obtained a number of pupils. Her father had not

been so fortunate. For a long time he could find no position, but had finally succeeded in getting a place as bookkeeper in one of the stores. They were beginning to get along very nicely when her father was taken sick.

"The strain under which he had been laboring was telling on him. He stuck to his work, however, long after he should have given it up, but finally was compelled to take to his bed. He became so ill that Clare was obliged to devote all her time to him, and thus neglect her teaching which was now their only means of support. They have had a hard time of it, but thank heaven, I can now help them.

"When I asked her how she came to see me in the park, she explained that her father was much better and had insisted that she go out for a walk, as he knew she had been too closely confined during his sickness. Of course she could not tell what had led her to the spot where I was sitting. She came upon me suddenly, and her first impulse was to go away without my seeing her, but when she saw how woe-begone and melancholy I looked, she could not help sobbing aloud. She confessed that many times during the past year she would have written me had she known where to find me. In fact, she did write once to my old address, but of course the letter was returned unopened. But to make a long story short, she is found, and you are to go with me to supper at their house. Its no use your saying no," he added, as Fred was about to interpose some objection, "I've told Clare all about you, and she would be very much disappointed if the only friend I've had all these months should refuse to accept her invitation."

Seeing that it would be unkind to refuse to go, Fred finally consented.

Will led the way, and a few minutes later he was ushered into a very plain, but neat sitting room. Will introduced him to Mr. Earl and Clare; and he could not help admiring his friend's choice. The young lady was a little shy at first, but this soon wore off, and before the evening was over Fred felt to congratulate his friend with all his heart for winning such an admirable girl.

Five years had elapsed since the events recorded above; and in that time a number of changes had taken place. Fred and Will had started in business for themselves with the money they received from the sale of their mine. Mr. Earl was associated with them, and the success which they achieved was due in a great measure to his business experience. He had been able to pay off all the indebtedness remaining over from his former failure. Will and his wife were very happy, and had been blessed with two beautiful children.

But now a new sorrow came into their lives, for Fred, who had lived with them ever since their marriage and whom they all loved as a brother, had just died. The children had fairly idolized him, and he was just as fond of them. Although he was sorry to leave them, he felt that he was going to his own wife and babies who were waiting for him "where the wicked cease from troubling, and the weary are at rest." His body was taken to his old home and buried by the side of his loved ones, and although he was greatly missed by his friends, they felt that he was happier where he was, than it would be possible for him to be alone in this world.

A WISE man should have money in his head but not in his heart.

BRAVEST DEED.

A Story of General Grant and the War.

A GROUP of old soldiers, both Confederate and Federal, were recently swapping stories of the Civil War. At last they fell to comparing the greatest acts of bravery that each had known, and a Southerner told the following story:

"It was a hot July day in 1864, and General Grant was after us. Our men had hurriedly dug rifle-pits to protect themselves from the Federal sharpshooters, and dead and dying Feds were lying up to the very edge of those pits.

"In one of the pits was an ungainly, raw, red-headed boy. He was a retiring lad, green as grass, but a reliable fighter. We never paid much attention to him, one way or another.

"The wounded had been lying for hours unattended before the pits, and the sun was getting hotter and hotter. They were suffering horribly from pain and thirst. Not fifteen feet away outside the rifle-pit lay a mortally wounded officer who was our enemy.

"As the heat grew more intolerable the officer's cries for water increased. He was evidently dying hard and his appeals were of the most piteous nature. The red-headed boy found it hard to bear them. He had just joined the regiment and was not yet callous to suffering. At last with tears flooding his grimy face he cried out:

"'I can't stand it no longer boys! I'm goin' to take that poor feller my canteen.'

"For answer to this foolhardy speech one of us stuck a cap on a ramrod and hoisted it above the pit. Instantly it was pierced by a dozen bullets. To venture outside a step was the maddest suicide. And all the while we could hear the officer's moans—

"Water! water! Just one drop, for God's sake, somebody! Only one drop!"

"The tender-hearted boy could stand the appeal no longer. Once, twice, three times, in spite of our utmost remonstrance he tried unsuccessfully to clear the pit. At last he gave a desperate leap over the embankment, and once on the other side threw himself flat on the ground and crawled toward his dying foe. He could not get close to him because of the terrible fire, but he broke a sumac bush, tied to the stick his precious canteen, and landed it in the sufferer's trembling hand.

"You never heard such gratitude in your life. Perhaps there was never any like it before. The officer was tying his gold watch on the stick and sending it back as a slight return for the disinterested act. But this the boy would not allow. He only smiled happily, and returned as he had gone, crawling amid a hailstorm of bullets. When he reached the edge of the pit he called out to his comrades to clear the way for him, and with a mighty leap he was among us once more. He was not even scratched.

"He took our congratulations calmly. We said it was the bravest deed we had seen during the war. He did not answer. His eyes had a soft, musing look.

"How could you do it?" I asked in a whisper later, when the crack of the rifles ceased for a moment.

"It was something I thought of," he said, simply. "Something my mother used to say to me. I was thirsty, and ye gave me drink, she said. She read it to me out of the Bible, and she taught it to me until I never could forget it. When I heard that man crying for water I remembered it. The words stood still in my head. I couldn't

get rid of 'em. So I thought they meant me—and I went. That's all." — *Youth's Companion.*

A COLLECTION OF FABLES.

The Willow's Wish.

[Selected from the composition work of the classes in English, B. Y. Academy, Provo.]

As autumn began to draw nigh, the willow tree became lonely and dissatisfied. It beheld the maple in its beautiful robe of gold. The proud old oak was also bright and beautiful. Even the walnuts and chestnuts had on their sunny dresses.

Sadly the willow looked down on its own thin foliage and sighed. "What an ugly tree I am," it said, "when all other trees are beautiful, my leaves are a sickly green; my trunk is clumsy, and there is no grace about me. I wish I could stop growing. As I advance in years, I see plainly that I am, indeed, an unfortunate thing."

Perched upon its branches were two little birds. They had heard the willow's complaint, and said: "Oh dear dear friend, do not get despondent, what would we do without you? In your branches we always find a cosy place to rest. No other tree seems so comfortable."

"Thank you," said the willow; that certainly makes me feel better."

From the grass below, where a late forget-me-not was blooming, came a faint voice saying, "Let me say just one word; we flowers could not do without you, old willow; your strong branches protect us from the wind, and when we are sleepy your leaves fall and make us a nice warm covering. Why, you are our best friend."

"Do you remember," said an old

lady-bug, who had been listening, how the old farmer used to sit under your branches last summer, eating his lunch and enjoying your shade? I do not understand why you complain, when you are a friend to so many." "I am ashamed of my grumbling," said the tree. "Please forgive me."

The time had again come for the birds to fly toward the South, so they bade the willow goodbye. The willow had nearly covered the little forget-me-nots with its blanket of leaves.

"Thank you," said the flower taking a last peep from beneath the soft coverlet, "when I wake up again, I hope to find you more cheerful."

"You will," replied the willow, "your kind words have already cheered me." ^{as} Spring soon came, and how changed the willow did look while the other trees were still brown and sere. The birds came back and built their nests in its branches. Even the honey-bee rejoiced over the great amount of nectar it found in the old willow's blossoms.

A whole row of children ate their lunches under its branches, laughing, and blowing their whistles.

"How lovely the old willow is," said little Ned as he looked up into its branches.

"Yes and look at its beautiful yellow dust that the bees are covered with," said another.

"There now," said the forget-me-not, half hidden in the grass, "what did I tell you last fall!"

"Yes, I remember," said the willow, "my complaints were very foolish; but I am happy now. My new spring frock is so beautiful, and pleases so many, that I will never complain again, but will be content with my lot."

A CHEERFUL HEART AND FACE.

Who is there who has not, when laboring under a spirit of depression, felt the genial, kindly influence that comes from meeting with a friend whose face has the beautiful light of cheerfulness upon it, and whose heart is filled to overflowing with good feeling for his fellow-being? To meet with such a person seems to act like magic upon us, and will inspire our souls with fresh hope and courage to take up the burden of life again, and move on in the path allotted to us. Life, at best, is not entirely free from thorns, but how much more easy it is for us to travel over them, if we are always careful to look on the bright side and keep our hearts full of that grand spirit of cheerfulness and hope that was such a strong characteristic in the beautiful life of our Savior. There may be times in the life of every one when "the skies seem cold, and dark, and dreary," and there is not one single gleam of light, and at such times as these, there is only one way in which I can find hope and cheerfulness, and that is by asking it of my Heavenly Father who is the source of all good and beautiful gifts to His children. I wonder if we ever think what an improvement a cheerful face makes in our general appearance. It is only natural that our friends will become tired of always hearing of our sorrows, and they will be much more anxious for our company if we make it a point to always greet them with a pleasant, bright smile and word. By constantly dwelling on our sorrows we lose sight of the fact that this is a very beautiful world, and that we have much to be thankful for. We greatly lessen our power for doing good unto others when we cultivate a spirit of despondency and we are in great danger of

"hiding our light under a bushel" so that it may not be seen for the good and upbuilding of mankind. It is a very beautiful saying that we should hasten over the lowlands of life in order that we may spend more time on the hill tops.

Let us then, strive to cultivate a cheerful, hopeful spirit in the heart, and it is bound to shine out on the face, and will be the means of uplifting and bringing hope to those who are apt to stagger under their burden of life and fall by the wayside. I am reminded of the words of one of our beloved poets and have often received much inspiration from them:

"Be still, sad heart, and cease repining,
Behind the clouds is the sun still shining,
Thy fate is the common fate of all;
Into each life some rain must fall,
Some days must be dark and dreary."

I think that the blackest of clouds have a silver lining, and if we are patient, and have full faith in our Father in Heaven, the sun will burst upon us again, in all its brilliancy, even through the heaviest clouds.

Clara Clyde.

COUSIN JACK IN LONDON.

A Morning in Hyde Park.

CHAP. III.

As soon as we had finished our breakfast and papa had laid down his newspaper, he said, "Well, shall we take a turn in the Park?" Mamma remarked that that was just what she would like, but I could not see the fun of walking around in a park, when there were so many other places to see. As for trees and flowers I could see them at home without traveling 6,000 miles to do so. But when papa makes up his mind to do a thing, he generally does it. I had

the choice of going with them or staying at the hotel; well of course I wasn't going to stay around that dingy old place longer than I could help, so I concluded I would take in this "bloom-ing" old park—as Johnny Brown would say. I asked papa while we were walking along, why he called it "the park." "Didn't a big place like London have any more than one park?" "Oh there were eight very fine parks in and around London, but this was the noted one. Not only were there so many historical associations connected with it, but from the fact of its being situated in the aristocratic West End, it was the regular rendezvous (whatever that means) for society, in fact it was the place where they all indulged in their morning rides and afternoon drives, and made engagements to meet one another at different places subsequently."

Well, after all I am not sorry that I went, for I learned something, and enjoyed myself as well. As we walked up Piccadilly we passed the town residences of some of England's noted people. The Duke of Devonshire, Baroness Burdett Coutts, (the richest woman in the world) Baron Rothschild—who is likewise noted for his financial transactions, also Apsley House, the home of that noted general who fought the Battle of Waterloo, and with the aid of the Prussians settled brave Napoleon Bonaparte for ever and a day. England seems to be rightly proud of the Duke of Wellington, and grateful to him too, for just as you enter the park you can see the biggest statue I ever saw, Achilles (that noted old god of heathen mythology) in bronze, that was erected to perpetuate the memory of that great Duke.

The park is a fine place, thickly studded with fine old trees, drives,

walks and seats everywhere, while the rhododendrons and smaller flowers out in full bloom make it appear a veritable fairy bower in the midst of smoky London.

In the centre of the park is to be found a lake, upon the surface of which are to be seen all kinds of swans, wild duck, and water fowl, that live and multiply on the island; row boats, also boys and men have lots of sport, racing their model sailing yachts across the Serpentine as it is termed. Here one sees a great number of nicely dressed children out for a walk with their nurses and governesses, the nurses, such is the English custom, being attired in a distinctive dress, generally white, surmounted with a small bonnet and veil, like in appearance to that usually worn by hospital nurses. I suppose they have to wear them, so that by any chance they may not be mistaken for a real live lady. Such is the wretched class distinction prevalent among the upper—yes, all the classes of Europe. Such is caste, for each in his turn looks down upon the class lower than the one with which he is associated. Money is a useful thing in England, but blood comes first; birth in conjunction with money is the great necessity in society. We got pretty tired walking around, so we sat down on one of the many comfortable and inviting green chairs that line the promenades. Here again did class assert itself, we had hardly taken our seat before a uniformed man came up and demanded cash. It is only the benches that are free and consequently only "low class" people sit on them. To insure the society equisites against contaminating their skirts by coming in contact with the common herd, a small charge is made for a seat. Society never indulges in hard work, but papa

said in their own estimation they were the hardest worked people in existence, for they change their clothes several times a day and never retire to rest until the next morning, especially during the season when they all flock to London for two months in May and June while the Queen holds her receptions in Buckingham Palace, and gaiety reigns supreme. On this particular morning (as is the custom every fine day during the season) society was taking its equestrian exercise on Rotten Row—isn't that a funny name for a place? It is generally conceded that this famous Row derived its name from the French *Route de roi*—King Road. Rotten Row consists of a grand double avenue of trees, possibly a little wider than Main Street at home, is nearly a mile in length and extends through the centre of the park. It is entirely reserved for horses and their riders. No vehicles of any description are permitted to intrude, the surface is covered with sand and tan bark to the depth of the horses' fetlocks. Beautiful horses, the like of which we never see out in the West are to be seen, ridden by young and old of both sexes attired in faultless dress. Slim waisted and thin legged race horses, skittish polo ponies and sturdy exercise cobs, their coats shining like satin, pass in droves on that detestable English jog trot that is considered good form in riding. The majority of horses to an American eye, are mutilated from the fact that their manes are clipped close and their tails are docked short, until they stick out straight at the back like ten inches of animated gun swab. The ladies who take their equestrian exercise are followed at a respectful distance by liveried grooms upon prancing horses. Papa said that a great many of these people upon the

Row were Baronets, Lords and Dukes; viscountesses and countesses, but they looked very much like other people and did not wear their coronets as I always thought titled aristocracy did. Of course they were all dressed very stylishly, the majority of the men being furnished with a single eyeglass stuck in the eye, just like the funny man one sees at the play. Oh there were thousands of gaily dressed people out in the sunshine sitting around, or walking, one and all chatting and laughing as though they had not a care in the world, while the military band discoursed sweet music. Around the outside drives were hundreds of carriages, although papa said they were thickest at four o'clock, still they seemed to be almost without number. Here one could distinguish the equipages of the peers and titled aristocracy from the fact that upon the panels of the respective carriages were emblazoned the family armorial bearings and crests surmounted by the distinctive coronet, while the coachman and footman sitting on the box wore livery and white powdered hair, and the horses' bridles were adorned with fluttering colored rosettes. In the afternoon the equipages of aristocracy were so numerous that they had to be stopped at intervals, in order that an apparent endless string approaching from a cross direction could be enabled to enter and leave the Park. It was a wonderful sight and one could hardly credit that so much wealth and pomp could be assembled together in one city. In almost half the carriages there was to be seen an ugly fat poodle or pug dog reclining upon his mistress' silken lap, and gravely taking an airing for the benefit of his health. The ladies think a great deal of their pet dogs. Before we left the park we visited the

dogs cemetery that is situated in an enclosed piece of ground behind the keeper's cottage at Victoria Gate. This is the burial ground for aristocracy's canine pets, and yet on every hand are to be seen so many poor starving children who would look upon the dinners that are daily prepared for these dogs as unheard of luxuries. But then of course they belong to "the lower classes." Probably this is the smallest cemetery in the world, and in it lie some 200 dogs and a dozen or so cats. Each grave is sunken to a depth of about three feet, and in some as many as three dogs are lying, or to use papa's expression "sleeping the brazen sleep of death." The graves are enclosed with a border of terra cotta tiles representing a coil of rope, and in almost every case a miniature marble tombstone commemorates the virtues of the departed. One dog in particular has been honored with a properly built vault as though he had been some hero or statesman, only of course it is comparatively small. He was a Pomeranian and belonged to a titled lady whose town house is near by. When the fearful catastrophe of doggie's death occurred, the family lawyer, was commissioned to make all arrangements for a stylish interment; doggie was buried in a coffin of polished oak with silver mountings and the lid instead of being screwed down was fastened by two locks, the keys being handed over for safe keeping to the lady in question. We thought the keeper was joking when he told us that, but he assured us that it was a sober fact and introduced printed evidence to prove his assertion. The vault was covered by a veritable stack of wreaths, one being sent by the lady every week, lovely wreaths they were too, the last sent being composed of maidenhair ferns, lilies, and stepha-

notis. The Duke of Cambridge—a member of the Royal Family—has a dog buried there with a suitable headstone that reads, "Poor little Prince." Another reads, "Curly, a faithful friend. He pined for his lost mistress and died, November 9th, 1892."

This one sounds very much like depraved blasphemy. "In memory of my dear little Chinchilla (Chilla). Lovely, loving, most truly faithful. Poisoned July 31st, 1895. God restore thee to me, so prayeth thy ever loving mistress—Helene." Underneath follows a line in Egyptian characters. Miss Florence St. John the popular English actress, is also represented here, possibly with an eye to advertising, in the form of a characteristic epitaph on a tombstone which runs—"Pompey the favorite dog of Florence St. John, etc. 'In life the foremost friend, the first to welcome, foremost to defend'—Bryon, November 10th, 1895."

Papa so much forgot himself as to say that such things "made him tired." Did any one ever hear of such foolishness? I asked the keeper whether they had proper funerals with hearses, etc., but he only seemed to lose his temper and treated my query with contemptuous silence. As we were getting back to lunch I made the remark that "I wished we were rich so we could always drive around and have a general good time and enjoy ourselves." But papa said I ought to be very thankful that we were what we were, and that it was a bad thing to be discontented and I ought to thank my Heavenly Father that grandpapa emigrated from England some fifty years ago, and that it would do me no harm to see with my eyes how much better off I was than thousands of poor boys and girls were in this country of England. "Shame on you Jack, you are

more fortunate than millions of little boys and girls in the world, and are rich in having kind friends and a future before you across the seas; read what the Apostle Paul says to Timothy: 'Nor trust in uncertain riches but in the living God who giveth to us richly all things to enjoy.' To night we will go through the poor districts and slums of London to enable you to see what you have to be thankful for."

Geo. E. Carpenter.

TOPICS OF THE TIMES.

A CURE NEEDED FOR MUNICIPAL MISRULE.

ALL the citizens of the State have watched with more or less interest the attempt which was lately made in Salt Lake City to elect non-partisan officers for the government and management of the city affairs. The questions involved in this movement appeal to the people of Utah in many ways. Probably the strongest point made in setting forth these questions before the public has been the statement that a non-partisan business government is needed in Salt Lake City to reduce expenses, to stop extravagance, to lessen the cost of government, and of course lessen the weight of taxation. Very many thinking people have become satisfied that unless there is a change of policy upon these questions, a large number of citizens who have always resided in the city, and many of whom are among its founders, will be compelled to dispose of their property and move elsewhere, or have their property swallowed up by mortgages and the interest upon them, and they be left without their homes which have been occupied, in many instances, for a lifetime.

The condition of affairs in Salt Lake

City is a most serious one. Reform is absolutely necessary. If it is not obtained, many families will be ruined, and will be deprived of their inheritances as completely as if they had been driven from them by a mob. The result would be the same as if they were dispossessed by violence, though the process may not be so rude and painful. If a family loses its home and possessions and is compelled to abandon them it makes but little difference in the long run what the agency is that effects this. If it should be done by a mob, those who are driven out feel that they have a just cause for complaint, and that the wrongs they have suffered ought to be redressed. If they are compelled to abandon their homes because of heavy taxation and the necessity of mortgaging to raise the money to meet the taxes, they may find cause to blame themselves for not using their power as voters to prevent misgovernment and extravagance.

A few years ago constant complaints were made against the Latter-day Saints because of their manner of conducting the government of this city. Perhaps those in authority at that time were too timid in spending money and making improvements; but if they erred at all, it was on the safe side. They did not run in debt. They did not squander the people's money recklessly. Every improvement they made was paid for, and the money was honestly spent. The aim of those in authority then was to keep down taxes. They did not want the citizens to become tenants. They perceived that it was to the interest of the municipality for every citizen to possess an interest in the land within the city limits, to own his own home; and to achieve this end, they kept the city expenses down so

that taxation might be light. Under this system mechanics and laboring men, and even widows, were able to own their own city lots and houses. Every man who resided in this city was encouraged to obtain for himself and family a home of his own. It was considered unthrifty for a resident to rent the place in which he lived. When young people married, they had this example before them. The result was that comparatively few people were tenants. The effect of this policy was that there were more people in Utah, in proportion to the entire population, who owned their own homes than could be found anywhere in the United States.

We have had now several years of what may be truthfully termed misrule in Salt Lake City. Another class succeeded in getting into office. What was called the "Mormon policy" was discarded. The city, practically free from debt, was taken possession of by this class who had been so hostile to the methods which had prevailed while the old settlers had control. The result is, the city is now literally crushed with debt, and discontent prevails everywhere. Many of those who were clamorous for a change of policy now see the bad results which have followed the change, and they are eager for a return to the former conservative policy.

In conversation with a leading banker of this city a short time since, while speaking of the cost of the improvements which had been made in the city in various directions, he recalled with words of praise the economical manner in which city funds had been expended under former administrations. He mentioned the administrations of several of the former mayors, and said if when those men were in power, appropriations had been made for improvements

which have since cost such enormous sums they would have accomplished the same work with a comparatively small expenditure of means. In days now past we did have several practical men for mayors—men of probity and of business ability. Had funds been appropriated for them to expend in improvements, every citizen would have known that every dollar would have been judiciously expended and without waste. This gentleman spoke very feelingly on the subject, for he is a large taxpayer, and though a non-Mormon, he said to me that he would be very pleased to have a ticket selected by my friends and myself to fill the various city offices, and he would vote for it. He expressed himself as being thoroughly tired of the manner in which affairs had been running for some years past.

This feeling is not confined to a few; it is a very general sentiment. The difficulty, however, is to have the people united in their aims. Division and disunion prevail, instead of cohesion and union. The taxpayers themselves are, to a very great extent, to blame for the condition that prevails. They have not recognized the necessity for union and concerted action. But there should be no difference among the citizens of Salt Lake City on these vital questions. Politics need not enter into their consideration. Here are evils prevailing, under which all groan more or less. These evils address themselves to the people, not as politics, but as business. They require business treatment and business methods. On this account the non-partisan movement seemed to be something greatly needed and in the right direction. There are cities in which the municipal government is treated in this manner. The best business skill and the most thorough-going honesty

are applied to the management of their affairs, and with the very best results.

Whether this non-partisan movement will prevail with us depends, no doubt, very greatly upon the success of the newly-elected administration. Those elected go into office under very unfavorable circumstances. The city has an enormous debt, and it will require the most skillful management to lessen expenses and to reduce the debt. People will naturally expect more from the non-partisan government than they would from a party administration, and the partisans will do all in their power to create dissatisfaction with it and to point out its failures as an evidence that such a government is unsuitable. There ought, therefore, to be a great deal of charity extended to the new mayor and the City Council and other officials.

The Editor.

A NIGHT RIDE.

Crossed a Chasm on a Stringer 18 inches Square.

THE most famous of the Adirondack gorges is the Au Sable chasm, which is not far from where the Au Sable river flows into Lake Champlain, says the *Chicago Times Herald*. The galleries, caves and castellated columns attract thousands of tourists yearly, but seventy years ago it was comparatively unknown. In those early days the precipitous cliffs were spanned by a wooden bridge, over which the farmers had to pass on their way to Au Sable Forks. The bottom of the chasm at this point was a sheer descent of 125 feet. In those early days the Pioneers were not skilled in the art of bridge building, and so one night, when a fierce storm thundered through the

mountains, the bridge was swept away, with the exception of the main stringer, a beam of about eighteen inches square.

One pitch-black night, about ten years after the storm that had demolished the bridge a stranger drew up his horse in front of the tavern at Au Sable Forks. It was about ten o'clock and the tap-room was well filled with villagers, drinking, smoking and playing cards. The entrance of a stranger caused the usual commotion, and as he sat in one corner eating a hastily prepared supper he was the cynosure of all eyes. After the meal the host, as was the custom, engaged the stranger in conversation.

"Dark, nasty night outside, sir?"

"Yes, pretty black."

"Have any trouble in finding your way?"

"Oh, no; I used to live in this neighborhood twenty years ago."

"So? Well, you'll find things pretty well changed since you left."

"Yes, I expect so; the old bridge is still standing, though; and I am glad of that, for I helped to build it."

"The old bridge?" questioned the tavern keeper, and every one in the room looked up in amazement.

"Why, yes," rejoined the stranger, the bridge across the chasm down the road a half mile."

"What, are you crazy?" shouted the host. "There is no bridge across the Au Sable; there has been no bridge there for the past ten years."

"But you are mistaken, my friend. I rode my horse across it not three-quarters of an hour ago."

"Impossible, sir; I tell you that the bridge blew down ten years ago."

"Again I tell you, my friend, that I rode across it this very night," was the imperturbable answer. "It was too dark for me to see, but I heard the clatter of

my horse's feet on the planking and the noise of the water in the chasm below."

The argument waxed warmer and warmer, until the stranger said that they would wait until the next morning when it could easily be settled if there was a bridge or not. He made a wager with the landlord that it was still standing across the chasm.

The next morning every man, woman and child in Au Sable Forks was at the chasm. Sure enough, in the soft sand of the road there were footprints of a horse, and the trail led from the stringer across the chasm up to the tavern porch. One young dare devil walked across the narrow stringer and made a startling discovery.

There was a similar trail on the other side!

The stranger had told the truth. In the darkness of the night his horse had crossed the chasm on a single beam.

But that is not the strangest part of the story. When that forenoon the stranger rode down to the Au Sable Chasm to settle his wager with the keeper of the tavern, and he saw the perilous path over which he had traveled the night before, it is said that he was stricken with a trembling that never left his limbs until death, and that with the space of sixty second his hair turned from a jet black to the color of the driven snow.

DEGENERATION begins when the point is reached where one is thoroughly satisfied with himself or his attainments.

PATIENT waiting is one of the forces of the soul. He who knows not how to wait is not worthy of receiving.

SAD is the evening of life where faith has lit no lamps.

Our Little Folks.

FOR THE LETTER-BOX.

FREMONT, WAYNE CO., UTAH.

August 21st, 1897.

DEAR LITTLE LETTER-BOX—I have heard and read many little letters in the JUVENILE; but I have not read any from this place. So I thought I would write one to let you hear from our little place. Our Sunday School teacher desired that we children should write to the Letter-Box. My mamma is a widow. My papa died three years ago. I must not write any longer letter this time. I would like to write again.

Ceson Palmer. Aged 9 years.

TOQUERVILLE, September 13th, 1897.

DEAR LETTER-BOX.—I love to read the little letters in the JUVENILE. I like to go to Sunday School and all of my little meetings. Our Sunday School class has a little testimony meeting every fast day. I like to bear my testimony and thank the Lord for His kindness; and I hope all of my little friends will strive to do right. I am eleven years of age and am in the Fifth Reader at school.

Your true friend,

Genevieve Spilsbury.

SHUMWAY, NAVAJO CO, ARIZONA,

September 14th, 1897.

DEAR LETTER-BOX:—I will tell you about the place where we live. It is a little settlement six miles south of Snowflake. There is a grist mill here—roller mills. They make nice flour here. My grandfather was the first Latter-day Saint who settled on Silver Creek. He located this valley in 1877. I am the oldest of my mother's children. I go to

Primary and sometimes take a part reading from the JUVENILE. Love to all who write for the Letter-Box.

I remain your friend,

Nellie May Willis. Aged 12 years.

PETERSBURG, October 24th, 1897.

DEAR LITTLE LETTER-BOX.—I have been reading the letters in the JUVENILE INSTRUCTOR and being interested I thought I would try to do as well as the others. I am going to school and like my teacher very well. I am eleven years old and read in the Fourth Reader. I go to Sunday School also, and I love to go and hear the true words of God explained. There is quite a bit of snow on the ground, and it is pretty cold. I have a little mare that I ride on Saturdays. I have seven brothers and three sisters. The youngest one is about six weeks old and the eldest twenty years. The baby's name is Wilford Woodruff Whitaker. We have three pet lambs and the largest one will hunt anyone that teases it. They are almost a half year old.

I fear I will make my letter too long, so I will close.

Your Friend,

Milton H. Whitaker.

MONROE, October 25th, 1897.

DEAR LITTLE LETTER-BOX.—I would like to write a letter to you. I am six years old. I will be seven next March. I go to school every day, and to Sunday School on Sunday. I have good teachers. I have a brother five years old. He has a goat. He has a fine time with it. We have a girl baby, her name is Olevia. She is three months old.

This is my first trial.

From your friend,

Hope Maglehy.

FOUNTAIN GREEN,

October 24th, 1897.

DEAR LETTER-BOX.—My father always keeps the JUVENILE INSTRUCTOR. And I read many letters from the children to the Letter-Box. I am twelve years old and I go to school. I am in the Third Reader. I like to attend Sunday School and Primary. We have a good Sunday School and Primary Association here. The children take great interest in both. I like to read letters from missionaries. My father has been on a mission, and I have a brother on a mission now. He is in Kansas. I will close.

Your new friend,

Annie E. Neilson.

AURORA SEVIER CO., UTAH,

October 8th, 1897.

DEAR LETTER-BOX.—I will try and write you a little letter. I am in the chart class. I have two cousins going to school. Their names are Ethel and Irna. They are in the chart class too. I have a baby brother. He is nine months old. He is so cunning and sweet. He can nearly walk. Mamma spelled the big words for me, but I wrote this myself. I am six years old.

Ada Ann Palmer.

PROVO CITY, UTAH,

September 24th, 1897.

DEAR LETTER-BOX.—I will tell you about my trip up to the canyon.

One bright morning in July we started about four o'clock to Deer Creek in Provo canyon. I went with mamma, papa, sisters and brother, and a few of our friends.

As we were going we saw many beautiful scenes. Grassy mountains with evergreen trees; beautiful streams of water dripping along the road, and the

Bridal Vail Falls dashing and foaming down the mountain.

We saw a large flume that the men were going to fill with water to run an electric plant so that many things could be done by electricity.

We saw mountains that stood high in the air like towers. These were grand views. When we got to camp we had breakfast. We had a ball game, fished, swung, bathed and played Jacks with little rocks we had picked up on the river side. In the evening we had bonfires and music.

We had cozy beds in the tent, and slept sweetly.

On Saturday about four o'clock we started for home. It being fast-day the next day, we wanted to fast and go to meeting.

Adelia Gee. Aged 12 years.

RAMAH, VALENCIA CO., NEW MEXICO.

FOR THE JUVENILE INSTRUCTOR.—I have desired to write something for young readers who love to hear of the goodness of God.

Ramah is situated upon the Zuni River, twenty miles northeast of the Zuni Pueblo. It is settled by Latter-day Saints. The nearest settlement of Saints to it is St. Johns in Arizona, eighty-five miles distant.

The people mostly till the soil for a livelihood. They have no living streams running through the settlement, to furnish water; but they have one of the prettiest locations for a reservoir, which is almost a sure source of water supply. Some of the people have farms about twelve miles away, in the Zuni mountains which they do not irrigate.

The young people here often go for a walk, and to see the reservoir, for it is a beautiful sight.

One Sunday I went with some of

the boys and girls, and thoughtlessly started to cross the reservoir in an old boat. About the center of the reservoir the boat filled with water and began to sink. I was much frightened, for I was certainly in great danger of being drowned. I was not regarding the Holy Sabbath as the Lord commands us to do. But I prayed earnestly to the Lord to forgive me, and save me. And in the midst of great excitement, I became suddenly very calm; which without doubt, enabled me to row the old boat to shore, and kept me from being drowned.

At another time, I came near being drowned, and was only saved through the goodness of God; my horse was drowned, and I had a very narrow escape. The Lord has shown me much mercy, and I am very thankful. May the Lord help us all to do right.

John M. Gallagher.

RICHFIELD, UTAH, July 21st, 1897.

DEAR LETTER-BOX.—I will be twelve years old next December. My papa died about eight months ago. My mamma is a Pioneer; she went up to the Jubilee last Monday. She has not returned yet. She will go to the Pratt Family Reunion today.

When I was about five or six years old, my little brother and my niece and I went out to play. Just as we went out by the street, my Uncle Orson Pratt, who was dead, appeared to me. It frightened me very much, and I took the children and ran into the house. Just after we went in a band of horses came rushing past. I think Uncle came to save us from being killed and trampled upon by the horses.

When I was six years old I was very ill. I had a fever and headache. Brother Gilbert was a good man and I told

mamma and papa that I wanted him and papa to administer to me. They went and asked him to come, and he did. I had not been able to sit up and I knew if they would pray to the Lord for me that I would get better; and as soon as they had finished the prayer I was better in an instant. I got up and my sister dressed me, and I could play around. This shows that if we have faith in God He can help us in any way, for He is our Creator.

Your Friend,

Marv Pratt Gardner.

SISTER MARY.—Please excuse this letter having been over-looked until now.

L. L. G. R.

FREMONT, WAYNE CO.,

August 25th, 1897.

DEAR LETTER-BOX.—My father takes the JUVENILE INSTRUCTOR, and we all like the little letters very much. I have five sisters and two brothers. About three years ago my little sister Pearl was very sick and looked as if she were dying.

Bishop Maxfield was helping papa haul grain. As they were passing the house on a load of grain, one of my sisters went out and told them the baby was dying. They came in and the Bishop took the baby out of mamma's arms and went to the door with her. They administered to her, and she opened her eyes and commenced to get better at once, and kept on until she was well. We all feel that it was the Lord who heard our prayers and healed her.

Myrtle Balle. Aged 12 years.

DEAR FRIENDS.—I am always interested in the stories from the Letter-Box. I will tell you a true story about my grandma when she was a little girl.

Her parents had gone away for the day on a visit. The negro servants were busy in the harvest field, and little Susie was told that during the noon hour she was to gather a basket of sweet apples for the pigs. At the appointed time she went into the orchard. "Oh, those sweet apples look so small!" thought Susie. A short distance away was a tree of large sour apples. She could fill her basket with them in just half the time, and then hurry to school having a longer time to play. Her father would never know but that the pigs had dined on sweet apples. When she had nearly filled her basket with them, she saw near by a large blue snake in a coil, with his head raised straight in the air.

It took but an instant for little Susie to remember that she was a disobedient girl; and she felt sure the snake had come to catch her for her disobedience. She turned the large sour apples out as quick as she could, turned and ran to the tree of little sweet apples, filled her basket, and went to school thinking she would be a better girl.

Beulah May Keeler. Aged 11 years.
PROVO CITY, UTAH.

DEAR LITTLE LETTER-BOX—I like to read the stories in the JUVENILE INSTRUCTOR, so I thought I would write one too. I have five pets, three pigeons, a rabbit and a kitten. Two of the pigeons are common, the other is a white fan tail. The rabbit is black and white, and the kitten is yellow and black and white.

I go to the Waterloo school and am in the fourth grade B. But I don't want to take up too much room. So Goodbye.

Jay Jensen. Aged 9 years.

DEAR LITTLE FRIENDS.—Please take notice and write your names very plainly, or doubtless some of you will see them incorrectly spelled in the Letter-Box.

L. L. G. R.

WALES, SANPETE CO., UTAH.

DEAR LETTER-BOX.—I thought I would write a little letter. I am eight years old and am going to school. I have two brothers and two sisters.

With my best love to all the children.
Eliza Edmunds.

Sego Lillies.

Some may praise the violet,
But the blossom without a flaw,
Is the beautiful sego lily,
The flower of fair Utah.

The roses are a regal troop,
And modest are the daisies;
But sego lily of Utah,
To thee I give my praises.

Far fairer than the marguerites,
With their charming little faces;
Are you my favorite blossom,
With your peerless form and graces.

When summer with its heat returns,
You fill this world of ours;
You lift your noble heads upright,
And thirst for cooling showers.

And when the rain drops patter
down,
From the sky once bright and blue;
You look pure and refreshed,
With your face all bathed in dew.

It seems that Heaven's glorious light,
Is mingled with thy beauty;
Fair emblem of a prosperous State,
Where love is life and life is duty.

Lily Coumerilh.

NEWLAND, NEVADA.

Awarded
Highest Honors—World's Fair,
Gold Medal—Midwinter Fair.

·DR·

PRICE'S CREAM BAKING POWDER

MOST PERFECT MADE.

A pure Grape Cream of Tartar Powder. Free from Ammonia, Alum or any other adulterant.

In all the great Hotels, the leading Clubs and the homes, Dr. Price's Cream Baking Powder holds its supremacy.

40 Years the Standard.



UNCLE SAM IS OUR AGENT

In your town—Didn't know it, did you? Well, 'tis so. We can serve you through him just as well as if you came here personally—just as much attention given to your orders—and just the same prices. If you've ever heard of GARDNER you know what that means—no price, and that the lowest. Your boy wants a suit for school, let us send you one. We are offering a splendid garment in neat dark brown plaids, large collar with braid trimmings, double breasted, well made throughout, size 4 to 14 years, we know it can't be duplicated anywhere for \$2.50, our price, including postage, \$1.50. Try us once, it will pay you. Uncle Sam is a reliable agent. Just drop a letter in one of his mail boxes and we'll do the rest.

ONE PRICE

J. P. GARDNER,

136-138 Main Street, Salt Lake City.

Keep Money at Home

By Insuring in the

HOME FIRE OF UTAH

HEBER J. GRANT & CO.,

General Agents.

New Machinery

Can do better work than old. Our Machines are ten years in advance of all competitors.



It Gives Satisfaction

By having your laundry work done by us. You save your linen and get the Domestic Finish so sought after by all ladies and gentlemen.



The Domestic Laundry,

18 & 20 E., 3rd South Street.

CHAPMAN-KATZ CO.

TELEPHONE 224.

PROPRIETORS



CURRENT TIME TABLE.

IN EFFECT NOVEMBER 3rd, 1897.

LEAVES SALT LAKE CITY.

No. 2—For Provo, Grand Junction and all points East	9:30 a. m.
No. 4—For Provo, Grand Junction and all points East	7:40 p. m.
No. 6—For Bingham, Mt. Pleasant, Manti, Belknap, Richfield and all intermediate points	8:00 a. m.
No. 8—For Eureka, Payson, Provo and all intermediate points	5:00 p. m.
No. 3—For Ogden and the West	9:10 p. m.
No. 1—For Ogden and the West	12:30 p. m.

ARRIVES AT SALT LAKE CITY.

No. 1—From Bingham, Provo, Grand Junction and the East	12:20 p. m.
No. 3—From Provo, Grand Junction and the East	9:05 p. m.
No. 5—From Provo, Bingham, Eureka, Belknap, Richfield, Manti and all intermediate points	5:25 p. m.
No. 2—From Ogden and the West	9:20 a. m.
No. 4—From Ogden and the West	7:30 p. m.
No. 7—From Eureka, Payson, Provo and all intermediate points	10:10 a. m.

Only line running through Pullman Palace Sleeping Cars from Salt Lake City to San Francisco, Salt Lake City to Denver via Grand Junction, and Salt Lake City to Kansas City and Chicago via Colorado points.

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The only line running WO THROUGH FAST
TRAINS DAILY to Leadville, Aspen, Pu-
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Train No. 2 leaves Ogden 7:00 a. m., Salt Lake 8:05 a. m.; arrives at Pueblo 6:10 a. m., Colorado Springs 7:51 a. m., Denver 10:30 a. m., Cripple Creek 9:50 a. m.
Train No. 4 leaves Ogden 6:35 p. m., Salt Lake 7:40 p. m., arrives at Pueblo 5:27 p. m., Colorado Springs 6:53 p. m., Denver 9:25 p. m.
Connections made at Pueblo, Colorado Springs and Denver with all lines east.
Elegant day coaches, chair cars and Pullman sleepers on all trains.

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Notions, etc.

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Specialty _____

FRESH
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The one thing you miss at your breakfast
Table (FRESH ROASTED COFFEE)
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BE SURE and ask your grocer for our
goods, or give us a call.




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There is one we will suggest,
which in our mind will be
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THAT IS _____

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It is appropriate at the same time Historical. We have a number left which
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Private
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Baths.

The Baths are Recommended
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EVERYTHING First-Class
and run in a Genteel Man-
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Superior in its appointments.
Mrs. Albrich, the Matron,
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TWO LONG POOLS.



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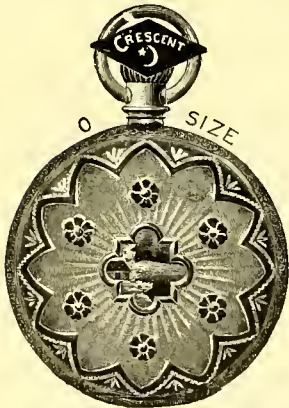
Please Read the Analysis and let us know
what you think of it.

Salt Lake City, Aug 31, 1893.
SALT LAKE HOT SPRINGS SANITARIUM CO.,

The water you submitted to me
from the Salt Lake Hot Springs
for analysis contains as follows

Gas, Carbonic Acid . . 1.03 vol-
Solids in gallon:
Chloride of Sodium . 245.357 grs.
" " Potassium 1.750 "
" " Calcium . 11.340 "
" " Magnesium 25.550 "
Sulphate " Sodium . 11.025 "
" " Potassium—trace
" " Calcium . 35.140 "
" " Magnesium 17.374 "
Carbonate Sodium . 8.771 "
" " Potassium . 0.700 "
" " Calcium . 6.475 "
" " Iron . . . 0.350 "
Silica 1.260 "
Alumina 0.140 "
Bromine—traces . . .

Total 365.232



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FOR YOUR SWEET-HEART'S
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IT COSTS
BUT LITTLE

To get a very fine Gold-Filled

Watch, and nothing would please your wife, sister, or sweet-heart more
than one of our dainty Time Pieces with Waltham or Elgin Movement
for \$15.50. This is a Watch of which any lady can be proud.

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J. H. LEYSON COMPANY, JEWELERS,

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(In effect March 16, 1897.)

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Paul, St Louis, Omaha, Kansas City,
Denver and Park City..... 7 00 a. m
"The Fast Mail" for Chicago, St. Louis,
Omaha, Kansas City and Denver.... 6 25 p. m

ARRIVE:

"The Overland Limited" from Chicago, St.
Louis, Omaha, Kansas City, Denver
and Park City..... 3 10 p. m
"The Fast Mail" from Chicago, St. Paul,
St. Louis, Omaha, Kansas City and
Denver..... 3 30 a. m

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Only one night on the road to Omaha, two nights
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The Union Pacific is the only line through to above
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operating Buffet Smoking and Library Cars and
Pullman Dining Cars, with 11 and 12 hours quickest
time to Mo. Riv. and Chicago respectively.

H. M. CLAY,
General Agent.

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Peoples Co-op	Lehi
American Fork Co-op.....	American Fork
G. S. Wood Mer, Co.....	Springville
Spanish Fork Co-op.....	Spanish Fork
A. S. Huish.....	Payson
Cooper, Pyper & Co.....	Nephi
S. P. Eggertsen Co.....	Provo
Fairview Co-op.....	Fairview
O. F. Coolidge.....	Manti
J. S. Jensen.....	Salina
O. P. Borg.....	Richfield
Hammond & Co.....	Moab

The celebrated FULLER-WARREN CO's
STOVES and STEEL RANGES are on sale
with all of the above; also at our Branches, Idaho
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We show greater variety than any house west
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customers who have purchased FULLER-WAR-
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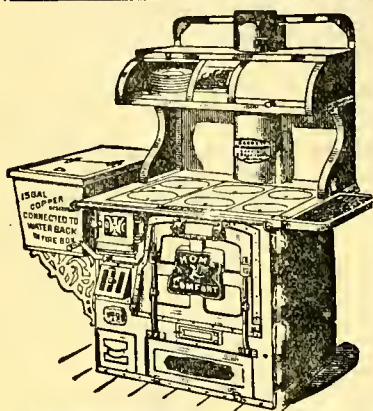
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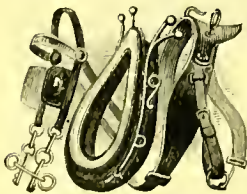
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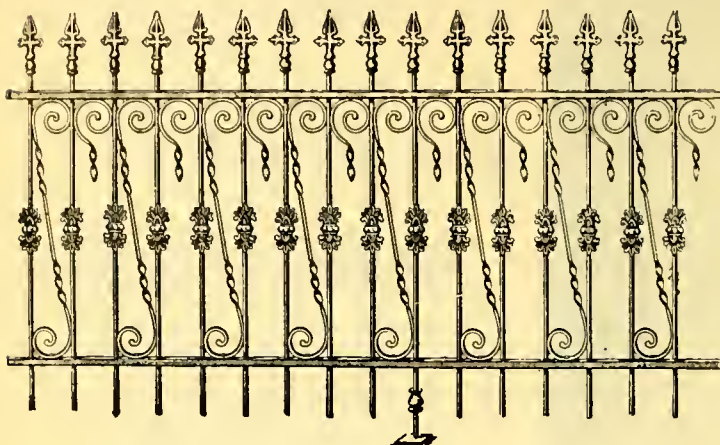
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at prices lower than has ever been offered in this city. Give us a call.

STATE STREET SHOE STORE,

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THE CRAGER WIRE AND IRON WORKS,



Iron and Steel
Fences,
Flower Stands,
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ALL KINDS OF
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✿ Iron Work.

Can furnish References from Leading Firms in City and State.

We make a specialty of Cemetery and City Lot fences, in endless design and will guarantee our prices lower than the same quality of fence can be laid down for from the east. If you want anything in this line we should be pleased to have you call at our factory, 54 Market Street, or write for our Illustrated Catalogue.

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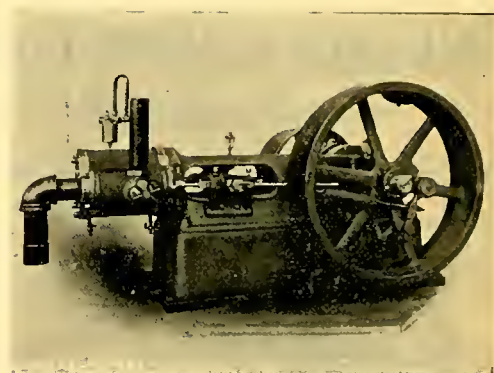
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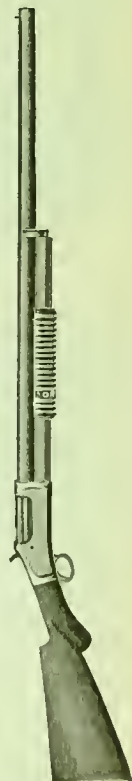
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